

WOOL DRESS GOODS SALE

All winter wool goods must go now. All heavy suitings, all winter fancy mohairs, all novelties, all heavy mohairs—everything must go in order to make room for the largest line of spring dress goods that ever was shown in Omaha.

All heavy suitings that sold at \$1.50 will go at, yard, **98c**
 All heavy suitings that sold at \$1.98 will go at, yard, **1.39**
 All heavy suitings that sold at \$2.50 will go at, yard, **1.69**
 All heavy suitings that sold at \$3.00 to \$3.50 will go at, yard, **1.98**
 All Priestley's fancy mohairs that sold at \$1.98-56 and 58 inches wide, yard, **1.19**
 All fancy suiting novelties will go at 40 per cent off.

FLAIES ARE VERY STYLISH—All the new styles in French plaids for waistings and shirtwaist suitings, at, yard, **75c**

LANDSDOWNE—We are exclusive agents for this fabric in Omaha. It is going to be the most popular silk and wool goods—yard, now, **1.25**

Broadcloths in all the fashionable shades, at, yard, from \$1.00 to **5.00**

Chiffon broadcloths, worth \$2.50, at, yard, **1.98**

All wool waistings and silk and wool waistings, at, yard, 25c to **1.00**

Mail Orders Promptly Filled. All Goods Guaranteed.

HAYDEN'S THE RELIABLE STORE.

Watch our ads for the Great January Furniture Sale, an event of great economical interest

High-Grade Wash Goods Department

COMMENCING MONDAY MORNING, JANUARY 2, WE WILL CLOSE OUT ALL OUR FALL AND WINTER WASH GOODS AT VERY LOW FIGURES.

\$1.00 mercerized white and striped and white and figured waistings—the best grade made—will go at, yard, **25c**
 60c mercerized waistings—the fine imported stripes and figures—will go at, yard, **18c**
 \$1.00 fine cream knot volles, will close at, yard, **25c**
 All our 50c, 40c and 30c suitings or mixtures will go at, yard, **25c**
 All our 25c and 20c suitings, will go at, yard, **18c**
 Domestic suitings that sold at 15c and 10c will go at, yard, **10c**
 Arnold's best Flannelettes—18c quality—will go at, yard, **12c** 10c and 12 1/2c Flannelettes, Banbury and other fine Scotch gingham—worth 15c—will go at, yard, **7c** and **10c**

The most complete lining stock and tailor trimming stock west of New York.

January Clearing Sale of Men's Fine Clothing



\$12.50 Suits at \$7.50
 Garments whose worth can be readily recognized by the most inexperienced buyers. Great variety of materials, in fancy mixed and plain colors—Clearing Sale Price **7.50** only

\$15 & \$18 Suits, \$10
 This is an exceptional bargain opportunity. Newest styles, best fabrics, nobbiest colors and patterns go to make up the finest line of hand-tailored garments you ever saw at the price **\$10**

\$12.50 Overcoats, \$7.50
 Finely tailored, fashionable cut coats, in all the newest shades and best patterns—Clearing Sale price **7.50**

\$15-\$18 Overcoats, \$10
 Every garment hand-tailored, in the best possible manner, latest styles and best fabrics—Clearing Sale Price **\$10**

\$7.50 Youth's Long Pants Suits, \$5.00
 Either double or single breasted styles, in fancy mixed and plain colors.

\$5.00 to \$7.50 Youth's Overcoats at \$3.95 and \$5.00
 Long and medium lengths, in oxford gray, fancy mixed and plain colors.

JANUARY CLEARING SALE OF SILKS

Monday we inaugurate our annual clearing of silks. Our policy of opening each season with entire new lines, makes it imperative to close out hundreds of pieces fine silks at a fraction of their real worth.

Great Clearing of Plain Colored Silks | Great Clearing of Fancy Silks | Great Clearing of Black Silks

ALL SILK WHITE WASH SILK—PLAIN ALL SILK STRONG TAF—PLAIN COLORED MESSALINE SILKS—Splendid shades—worth \$1.00, for, **69c**

400 PIECES ELEGANT FANCY SILKS—Broken lines, one or two pieces of each style—all select each style—sell at, **35c-49c-69c**

Clearing Sale of Fine Black Taffetas

BLACK TAFFETA—24 inches wide, worth 75c—on sale at, **49c**
 BLACK TAFFETA—27 inches wide, worth \$1.00—on sale at, **69c**
 BLACK TAFFETA—36 inches wide, worth \$1.25—on sale at, **79c**
 BLACK MESSALINE—36 inches wide, worth \$1.50—on sale at, **98c**
 BLACK PEAU DE SOIE—36 inches wide, worth \$2.50—on sale at, **1.75**

All the Crushed or Broadtail Velvets that sold up to \$1.50 and \$2.00—in all colors—on sale **98c**

Flannel Department

Extra heavy Bleached Shaker Flannel, at, yard, **50c**
 100 yds. Flannel, Fancy Stripes and Checks, at, yard, **50c**
 Best Made yard wide Outing Flannel, at, yard, **50c**
 200 yds. 36 inch wide, at, yard, **50c**
 40c All Wool Skirting Flannels, 30 inch wide, stripes and checks, at, yard, **50c**
 Best Tailored, Shaker, Hominy or Paris, at, yard, **50c**
 10c Extra wide and Heavy Shaker Flannel, at, yard, **50c**

Bed Blankets

Our \$150 60-80, all wool Grey Bed Blankets, at, pair, **\$150**
 Our \$125 60-80, all wool Grey Bed Blankets, at, pair, **\$125**
 Extra good quality, all wool Bed Blankets, at, pair, **\$125**
 Our \$125 Grey Bed Blankets, at, pair, **\$125**
 200 pairs of Sample Bed Blankets at less than cost.

Popular Priced Dress Goods

IN OUR DOMESTIC ROOM.

50, 58 and 60-in. all wool suitings, worth up to \$3.00 yd., 50c
 54 and 56-in. all wool suitings—regular price from \$1.50 to \$2.00, at, **49c**
 A large line of Henriettes, Serges, Albatrosses, Etc., worth up to \$1.25 a yard, at, **39c**
 Waistings, all wool flannels worth 50c yd., will go at, **25c**
 Cashmere, Novelty, Suitings, worth 50c a yard, at, **25c**
 75c French Flannels, at, **25c**
 50c All Wool Challies, at, **25c**
 30c Henriettes, at, **25c**
 All Wool 38 inch Suitings, at, **25c**
 50c Skirtings, mixed, at, **25c**
 1000 other bargains too numerous to mention, all must go.

GROCERY INVENTORY TAKEN

The Largest and Freshest in the City. GREAT REDUCTION SALE TO COMMENCE MONDAY

18 pounds pure cane Granulated Sugar, \$1.00
 6-lb. sack High Patent Minnesota Flour, \$1.40
 Large sack Cornmeal, \$1.25
 10 pounds Breakfast Oatmeal, 30c
 10 pounds good Japan Rice, 25c
 7 pounds hand picked Navy Beans, 25c
 20c Wash and Wash, at, yard, 25c
 2 cakes Toilet Soap, 25c
 Condensed Mince Meat, 25c
 Pearl Tapioca, Sago, Hominy or Farina, 25c
 5-lb. pure Fruit Jelly or Apples, 25c
 Butter, 15c
 1-lb. jar pure Fruit Jam, 25c
 1-lb. jar Mustard, 25c
 5-lb. can solid packed Tomatoes, 75c

2-lb. can Boston Baked Beans, 75c
 2-lb. can Hominy, Squash or Sauer Kraut, 75c
 1-lb. can Sweet Sugar Corn, 75c
 1-lb. can Wax, String or Lima Beans, 75c
 Choice California Prunes, 10c
 Choice California Peaches, 10c
 1-lb. can Biscuits, 25c
 Cleaned Currants, 10c
 Xcelo, Egg-O-See or Malta Vita, pkgs., 25c
 GREAT INVOICE SALE FRESH FRUIT

Fancy Mixed Nuts, 10c
 Large juicy Navel Oranges, doz., 15c
 Large bright Cape Cod Cranberries, qt., 25c
 New Orleans Honey, tack, 25c
 Juicy California Lemons, doz., 12c

Large ripe Bananas, doz., 15c
 California Figs, pkgs., 50c

GREAT INVOICE SALE TEAS AND COFFEES.

Golden Rio Coffee, lb., 25c
 Fancy Golden Santos Coffee, lb., 25c
 Fancy Maricoba Coffee, lb., 25c
 H. B. C. Mocha and Java Coffee, lb., 25c
 Interior Mocha and Java Coffee—the finest blend on the market, lb., 25c
 Tea String, lb., 10c
 Choice Sundry Japan Tea, lb., 25c
 N. B. C. Gunpowder, lb., 25c
 Gunpowder or English Breakfast Tea, lb., 25c
 All goods in every department prior to inventory.

Half Price Sale Continues

Thousands of ladies', misses' and children's high grade ready-to-wear garments, including suits, coats, skirts and waists—

At Half Price
 Nothing reserved, every garment must go. That the great value of our offerings is appreciated is daily attested by the hundreds of satisfied buyers who through our great cloak department. Monday we will add 1,700 new garments to our already tremendous stock.

Come Early Monday
In Our Skirt Section
 The entire stock of a bankrupt New York manufacturer together with all our own high grade stock of skirts, at half price.

All \$6.00 Skirts at **2.98** All \$10.00 Skirts at **4.98**
 Handsome Walking and Dress Skirts, worth up to \$12 and \$15, at **6.50**

A Belated Shipment
 500 new Ladies' Coats just received will be added to the stock Monday and sold at half price.

\$7.50 Ladies' Coats **3.75** \$9.00 Ladies' Coats **4.45**
 \$14.90 Ladies' Coats **7.45** \$20.00 Ladies' Coats **10.00**
 \$30.00 Handsome Fur Lined Coats, at **15.00**

Ladies' and Misses' Suits
 The most magnificent stock to be found in the west offered without reserve at half price.

All \$8.00 Suits at **4.45** All \$15.00 Suits at **7.50**
 All \$20.00 Suits at **10.00** All \$30.00 Suits at **15.00**
 Beautiful Gowns, \$100 value, choice **\$50** \$150.00 Gowns at **75**

Children's Coats
 700 children's coats which we do not want to invoice—worth up to \$6.98—your choice **2.95** for

Women's Waists
 In taffeta, peau de sole, etc., an exceptionally fine line—worth up to \$6.98—your choice **2.98** for

Early Shopping Inducements
 From 8 till 9 a. m., Women's Flannelette Wrappers at **25c**
 From 9 till 10 a. m.—Black Mercerized Under-shirts **39c**
 From 8:30 till 9:30 a. m.—Children's coats in great variety, each **\$1.00**



Some Tersely and Timely Told Tales that Are Both Grim and Gay

The Point of View.
 R. WEIR MITCHELL relates the following story of Dr. Stivers of New York:

It seems that Dr. Stivers had a large dispensary clinic, and hardly a day passed that one or more cases of feign did not appear. "It won't hurt," was always his comforting assurance to the patient if the latter evinced signs of distress.

The good doctor's turn came—he contracted a feign himself. He policed it for about a week and walked the floor with pain. One day his assistant surgeon said:

"Why not lance it, doctor? It ought to have been done a week ago."
 "No doubt," replied Dr. Stivers. Then, after a long breath, he added meekly: "Perhaps—perhaps you'd better do it now."
 "All right," said the assistant. "Put your finger on the table."
 Dr. Stivers did as he was bidden. As the assistant took up the knife the doctor cautioned him. "Be gentle; that's an awful sore finger."
 "It won't hurt," remarked the assistant as he jabbed the sharp steel into the finger. There came a howl of agony from Dr. Stivers, and, grasping his finger in his other hand, he fairly danced about the place, giving utterance to many long drawn out "Ohs!"
 "Why, doctor," said the assistant surgeon, "I've heard you tell patients hundreds of times that it didn't hurt to lance a feign."
 "No doubt you have," groaned Dr. Stivers, "but that depends upon which end of the knife a man is at."—New York Herald.

How Mike Knew.
 Two workmen were engaged in digging a well when suddenly a portion of the earth gave way falling on and knocking down one of the men. His companion called to him and listened anxiously for a reply. "Pat, speak, man!" cried Mike again from above, "are ye dead?" "No, Mike," came the answer with a groan. "I'm not dead, but I'm speechless." With-out more ado Mike set off for help as fast as his legs could carry him. Thumping loudly on the door of Pat's kinfolk he summoned help, explaining that Pat had been knocked speechless and was buried by the earth in the wall. "Who told ye so?" was the unexpected matter-of-fact inquiry. "He told me himself," retorted Mike, indignant at his word being doubted, "and begorra, woman, if ye don't believe me come and ask him and he'll tell ye it's the truth I'm speaking."—The Tatler.

Domestic Nerve.
 Mrs. A. E. Mathews, the superintendent of the Immigrant Girls' Home of New York, was talking about the servant question.

"Never," she said, "was there such a demand for good servants as there is today. Our home tries to meet this demand, and in its efforts it has good success. Maids from it are sufficiently intelligent to be respectful to their employers. They demand, however, humane and decent treatment. Give them that and they work well. They do not make such errors as are once characteristic of a cook of mine."

"She was a good cook, but she had not been trained to recognize her position. Thus, on the occasion of the arrival of my new winter bonnet, she came upstairs to look at it, and after she had given it a careful inspection she said:

"'What a darling of a bonnet! Won't you tell me who's your milliner? I want to get one just like it for myself.'—Baltimore Herald.

Why the Beggar Survived.
 Some years ago the inhabitants of an English town were moved to charity by the arrival of a cadaverous looking beggar with a barrel organ. He carried a large placard announcing that besides having a large family to support he had "but six months to live." He rasped a plaintive harp, and finally disappeared, soon to die of his incurable disease, everyone supposed. Four years later one of the native ministers met him in a distant city carrying the same organ and legend.

"I saw you with that notice four years ago," he said sternly.

"Well, it ain't my fault, is it," whined the immortal one, "if doctors make mistakes?"

Beer Runs at His Approach.
 Dr. H. W. Wiley was talking about the "poison squad" tests that he makes to determine the effect upon the health of cold storage meats.

"In these tests," he said, "it is necessary to be cautious. As cautious," he added humorously, "as was the lawyer with the barrel of beer. There was once a lawyer who kept in his cellar a barrel of the finest Bavarian beer. Naturally he was cautious of this expensive beverage. He did not permit every Tom, Dick and Harry to enter his cellar alone.

"One day a job of bricklaying needed to be done near the furnace. A bricklayer was sent for and on his arrival the lawyer presented him to his butler.

"'James,' he said, 'this is the bricklayer whom you know of. Take him down into the cellar and show him what is to be done. And, by the way, James, when you come up bring the barrel of beer up with you.'"

"At this point the bricklayer interposed with a sarcastic smile.

"'I ain't afraid,' he said, 'of a barrel of beer.'"

"'I'm sure you're not,' said the lawyer. 'I believe, though, that a barrel of beer would run at your approach.'—Washington Post.

Caution.
 H. E. Buermeyer, the president of the Amateur Skating association, was talking about the caution that is needed in the practice of figure skating.

"One must be very cautious," said Mr. Buermeyer, "for there are points in certain fancy figures where a fall might mean a fractured skull or a broken arm. At the same time, though, one does not need to carry caution to extremes. One does not need to act like the old Bostonian in the tavern."

"This Bostonian sat one evening in a tavern drinking beer with three companions of his own age. The others drank their beer slowly—a sip or two every five minutes. But the old Bostonian, the moment a full glass was set before him, drained it down in a jiffy.

"The friend on his right noticed his queer conduct.

"'I say, Alexander,' he said, 'why do you always swallow your drink in one mouthful?'"

"Once," the other answered, "I had my glass knocked over."—Baltimore Herald.

A Large Mine.
 Senator Patterson of Colorado tells of a Cripple Creek character named Burns. He was an odd person, who always, no matter what his business, was what used to be called a "Prince Albert." He struck a rich vein of ore, and named that the Prince Albert. Being of a generous and convivial disposition, this lucky fellow was, of course, surrounded by many self-seeking friends. When he and they were in their cups some of them, with an eye to the main chance, managed to wheedle out of Burns, on one pretext or another, a deed of a share in his mine. With royal prodigality he scattered deeds about among his retainers and camp followers, until finally something had to be done, and the case was taken into court.

HAYDEN BROS.

Senators Patterson of Denver was one of the lawyers. He had Burns on the stand.

"Now, Mr. Burns," said Senator Patterson, "will you please tell the court how you can explain your conduct? The evidence shows that you have deeded away twenty-nine twenty-fourths of your mine. What have you to say to that?"

"Well, Misher Patterson," replied the witness, "you must remember, sir, that the Prince Albert is a very large mine."

Archbishop Ireland's Joke on Himself
 Archbishop Ireland doesn't mind telling a joke on himself. The archbishop always dresses so unostentatiously that no one could guess his episcopal rank from his street garb. Traveling one day in a rural district, he met a good-natured woman in the car who, after some general conversation, asked him:

"You're a priest, father, aren't you?"

"In a bantering way," the archbishop thought he'd try a quibble to put her at her ease, so he answered:

"No, my good woman, I'm no longer a priest."

The woman gave him a pitying glance. Then she said, soothingly: "Oh, the Lord help us, father! It wasn't the drink, I hope?"—New York Sun.

For Home Consumption.
 A northern newspaper which had read many stories of "moonshiners," but had got tired of very lazy ideas of their habit, went on a vacation trip last summer through the mountains of Tennessee. In a most inaccessible region he was amazed to find a corn field of an immense size, evidently more than enough to support the population for miles around. When he stopped at a log cabin for dinner he made inquiry about it of his hostess.

"Why, no, ma'am," he said, "but I shouldn't think anybody could run a wagon down the trail from this valley to Sunnara."

"No, sir, I shouldn't reckon they could."

"And there isn't any way of getting from here to the river or anywhere else except by that trail?"

"No, sir, I reckon they ain't."

"Well, then, ma'am, how in the world do you folks ever manage to market all the corn you raise in here?"

"The woman, suddenly started out of her composure, looked at him intently. Then she assumed an air of nonchalance again.

"Why, sir," she said, "we don't market no corn from hereabouts. We generally manage to use all we raise in the pints."

As the northerner wended his way up the trail that afternoon he had occasional glimpses of a sharp-eyed small boy following at a respectful distance behind, who declined to come nearer or to go away. When he came again into a city and related the experience his Tennessee friends looked serious.

"That's as close a call as you'll ever have," said one of them. "They sure took you for a revenue officer. Next time you go up in these hills and see corn, you eat all they put before you, but shut up about the rest."

An Unexpected Effect.
 Joseph Jefferson recalls the following story from his rich store of picturesque theatrical experiences. Sardou's "Cleopatra" was being played by an indifferent company, the leading roles especially leaving a great deal to be desired. The piece dragged. For the death scene the management had arranged a novelty, a mechanical asp carefully wound up and set in motion for the fatal moment.

At the proper moment the toy raised its head and, as was expected, gave a shrill hiss before plunging its fangs into the arms of the queen. During the moment of in-

terference which ensued a voice was heard to remark:

"Well, I agree with the asp entirely."—New York Herald.

Was Too Bad.
 There is a young woman in a certain remote part of the city who has aspirations to be a musician of note. Occasionally she overestimates her strength. A short time ago she was obligingly giving an exhibition of her skill to a patronizing company by picking her steps through a Hungarian song. One of the sympathetic visitors ventured the remark:

"Do you know that thing Miss Sunnara is playing is awfully difficult!"

"Difficult!" echoed the other, who plainly showed an absence of musical taste. "Difficult? I wish to heaven it was impossible!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Fit for Any Man's Bride.
 R. B. Hanna of Fort Wayne, Ind., who has just been recommended for postmaster there by Congressman-elect Gilbert of the Twelfth district, is a handsome man, and among the persons noticing his likeness in the newspapers was a woman at Shipshewana, north of Gosport, who is the mother of three daughters, all of them unmarried. The woman wrote a Fort Wayne paper:

"Dear Mr. Editor: Having seen in your valuable paper the announcement of Mr. R. B. Hanna for the next postmaster, and noticing by his picture that he must be a good looking young man and above the average, I write to ask if he is single or married. If single, I will send him photographs of my three daughters, who are all doing mother, do say it, not to be beat in the country for good looks. They can cook anything from sparrows and sauerkraut to roast turkey and plum pudding. I have trained them to keep house neat and tidy and themselves likewise all of which would be most valuable to a postmaster or anyone looking for a life companion, for does not the good book say that 'it is not good for a man to be alone'?"—MOTHER.

An Apt Reference.
 An instance of legal courtesy occurred not long ago in a western court room. A lawyer with Mac prefaced to his name and a brother lawyer engaged in a heated discussion. The latter maintained his position, claiming he could find his authority, and began to turn over the pages of the statute book, when quick as a flash Mac said: "You will find what you want on page 1, section 1."

Mac's opponent looked up the reference and found the law governing idiots.—The Green Bag.

Jolt for a Minister.
 A young clergyman relates an incident that occurred shortly after he was ordained. He had been called to a small town in central New England, which supported a Methodist church in addition to his own. The latter being of the Baptist denomination.

One night, a few weeks after his arrival, he was awakened by a woman, who implored him to make haste, as her husband was very ill and had expressed a desire for spiritual consolation. Hurriedly dressing, he accompanied the woman.

On the way to her house the minister remarked that his companion's face was unfamiliar to him, and asked if she were a member of his flock. After he was ordained, "Oh, no," was the tearful reply. "I am a Methodist and belong to Mr. Blank's congregation, but as John's case is contagious

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THE WHISKEY WITH A REPUTATION

Awarded the Gold Medal at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition for Purity, Quality and Perfection of Age

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